

Fake Problems, Too Cold To Hold

See I got this problem with talking to myself
And hardly ever to anyone else
It's not that I have nothing to share
I'm just not quite ready to reveal the faults I bear
But I'm pretty sure that I'd prefer
Some company
Now every night I find myself here
Battling good and evil and facing every fear
So I turn off the lights and I turn off my phone
Lay on the floor and face being alone
It's not as bad as you think
But I'm pretty sure that I'd prefer
Some company
So I've got this problem with talking to myself
About learning to live with the hand life has dealt
I discover solutions over and over again
But I drown them out over every weekend
I'm still pretty sure that I'd prefer
Some company
Not cold bodies
But someone to expect more from me